"THE JOKER™ IS WILD!"

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BATMAN

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PROLOGUE ONE: FRIDAY NIGHT AT WAYNE MANOR...
SURE IS LONELY --AND BORING-- WHEN YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN A BIG HOUSE LIKE THIS...
I WONDER HOW BRUCE IS MAKING OUT IN CENTRAL AMERICA... AND WHY ALFRED DISAPPEARED SO MYSTERIOUSLY...
...AND WHAT I CAN DO TO KEEP MYSELF FROM GOING BATTY.
FINISHED MY HOMEWORK AND THERE'S NOTHING BUT JUNK ON THE TUBE-- MAYBE I SHOULD ORDER A PIZZA AND--
NAH-- I ALREADY SCARFED DINNER AND I WANT TO STAY IN SHAPE.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO DOWN TO THE BATCAVE AND STUDY THE CRIME FILES...
IF I'M GONNA BE THE BATMAN'S NEW PARTNER, SOMETHING LIKE THAT MIGHT IMPRESS HIM-- EXCEPT IT'S EVEN MORE BORING THAN HOMEWORK.
MAYBE I SHOULD TRY USING SOME DETECTIVE SKILLS TO LOCATE ALFRED--THAT'D BE IMPRESSIVE...
HUDSON U
NAH, HE'S PROBABLY JUST VISITING A SICK RELATIVE OR SOMETHING. SOME MANHUNT-- I'D CATCH HIM RED-HANDED WITH A BOWL OF CHICKEN SOUP.
WAIT A MINUTE-- THIS IS DICK GRAYSON'S OLD ROOM-- I HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS WING OF THE MANOR SINCE I MOVED IN...
FEEL KINDA CREEPY ABOUT SNOOPING, BUT...
AW, WHAT THE HECK-- I'M NOT HURTING ANYTHING...
JUST BORED AND LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO--
HOLY CATS!!
AND FOR JASON TODD.. BOREDOM EXPLODES.

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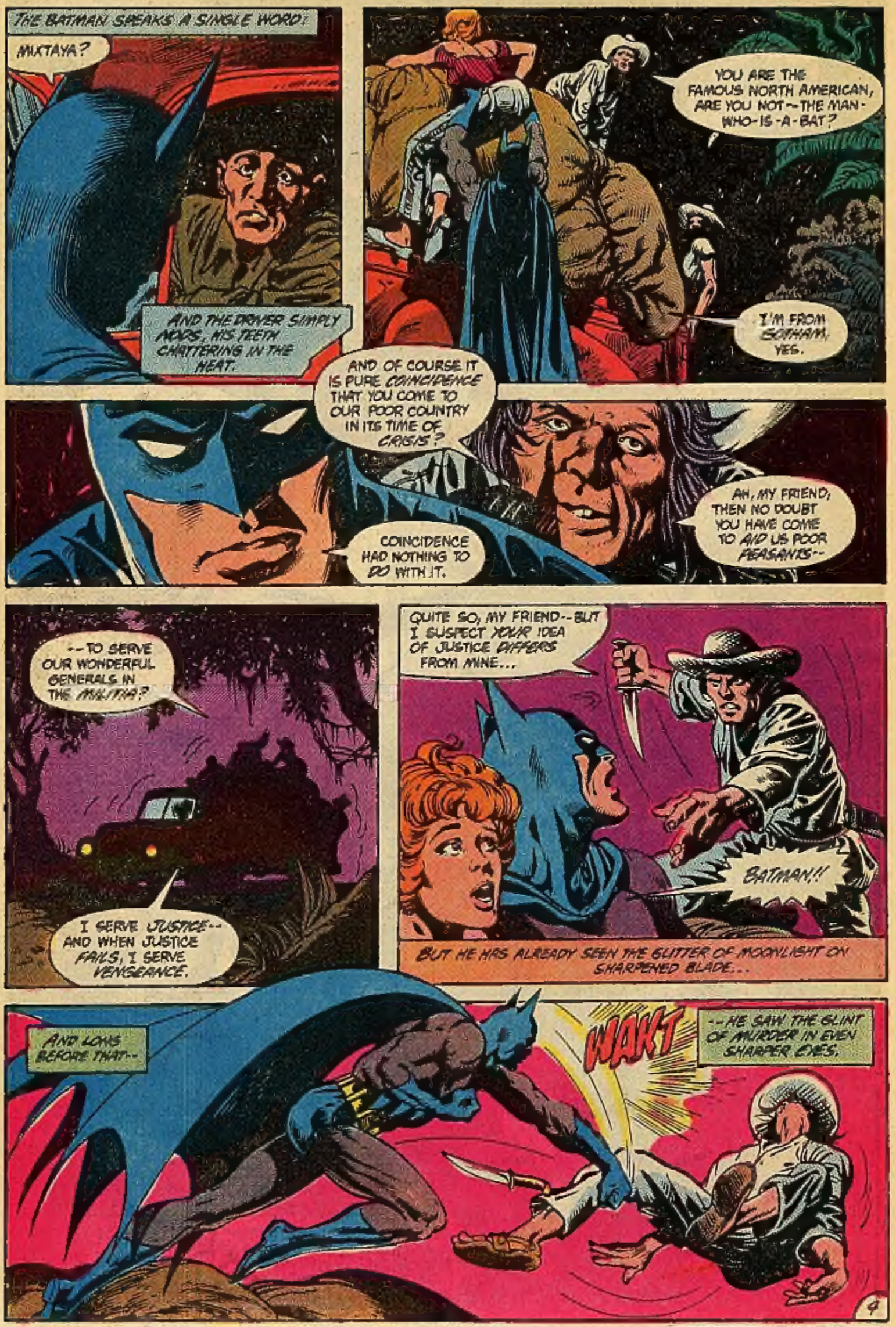
PROLOGUE TWO: THE SAME NIGHT, IN A CAVE UNDER AN ANCIENT MAYAN PYRAMID IN GUATEMALA...
THE BATMAN'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED, I TELL YOU! I'LL KILL HIM! I'LL STUFF A BATARANG DOWN HIS THROAT SIDEWAYS!
HE NOT ONLY RESCUED THAT REPORTER VICKY VALE FROM MY INGENIOUS DEATH-TRAP-- BUT HE FORCED ME TO SHATTER MY SCALE-MODEL OF JOKER-LAND WITH MY OWN HURTLING BODY!*
THAT BAT-BRAINED BOOB!
* SEE DETECTIVE #502. --LEN.
BUT I WON'T LET IT FOIL THE INSANE SANCTITY OF MY GRAND SCHEME, I TELL YOU!
THE ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL DIAZ IN THE TOWN OF MIXTAYA WILL GO ON AS SCHEDULED--AND WHAT'S MORE, I'LL LEAD IT MYSELF!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHY AM I GETTING MAD? I'M THE JOKER! I'VE BEEN MAD FOR YEARS!
THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED-- ANOTHER STERLING CHALLENGE FROM OLD BATS!
THIS IS FUN!
COME ON, BOYS--ASSASSINATING TIME IS THE ONLY CRIME I'M NEVER GUILTY OF!
IS HE ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
NOPE--USUALLY WORSE.
SPLISH
WHILE SOME THREE MILES AWAY...
...AN ALMOST SURREALLY-OVERBURDENED TRUCK RUMBLES THROUGH THE HOT AND HUMID NIGHT.
A RUSTLE SOUNDS FROM THE DENSE JUNGLE AHEAD...
2

(WHAT IS THAT--?!)
(IT...IT IS SOMETHING COMING FROM THE JUNGLE!)
(IT IS--)
HE STEPS FROM THE DARKNESS ONTO WHAT PASSES FOR A ROAD, INSTINCTIVELY RAISING HIS CLOAK AGAINST THE HARSH GLARE OF HEADLIGHTS, AS IF WARDING OFF SOME SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT OF PAIN.
THE TRUCK GRINDS TO A HALT.
WELL, AREN'T WE IN LUCK? A JUNGLE TAXI-CAB--GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION--AND WITH PLENTY OF ROOM ON THE UPPER BERTH...
THE TRUCK IS MORE THAN IT SEEMS, MS. VALE--I'LL DO THE TALKING...
the Joker is WILD!
* TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH -- LEN.
DOUG MOENCH · DON NEWTON & ALFREDO ALCALA
WRITER
ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA · ADRIENNE ROY · LEN WEIN
LETTERER
COLORIST
EDITOR
3


THE BATMAN SPEAKS A SINGLE WORD:
MIXTAYA?
AND THE DRIVER SIMPLY NODS, HIS TEETH CHATTERING IN THE HEAT.
YOU ARE THE FAMOUS NORTH AMERICAN, ARE YOU NOT--THE MAN-WHO-IS-A-BAT?
I'M FROM GOTHAM, YES.
AND OF COURSE IT IS PURE COINCIDENCE THAT YOU COME TO OUR POOR COUNTRY IN ITS TIME OF CRISIS?
COINCIDENCE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.
AH, MY FRIEND, THEN NO DOUBT YOU HAVE COME TO AID US POOR PEASANTS--
--TO SERVE OUR WONDERFUL GENERALS IN THE MALITIA?
I SERVE JUSTICE--AND WHEN JUSTICE FAILS, I SERVE VENGEANCE.
QUITE SO, MY FRIEND--BUT I SUSPECT YOUR IDEA OF JUSTICE DIFFERS FROM MINE...
BATMAN!!
BUT HE HAS ALREADY SEEN THE GLITTER OF MOONLIGHT ON SHARPENED BLADE...
AND LONG BEFORE THAT--
WAK!
--HE SAW THE GLINT OF MURDER IN EVEN SHARPER EYES.
9

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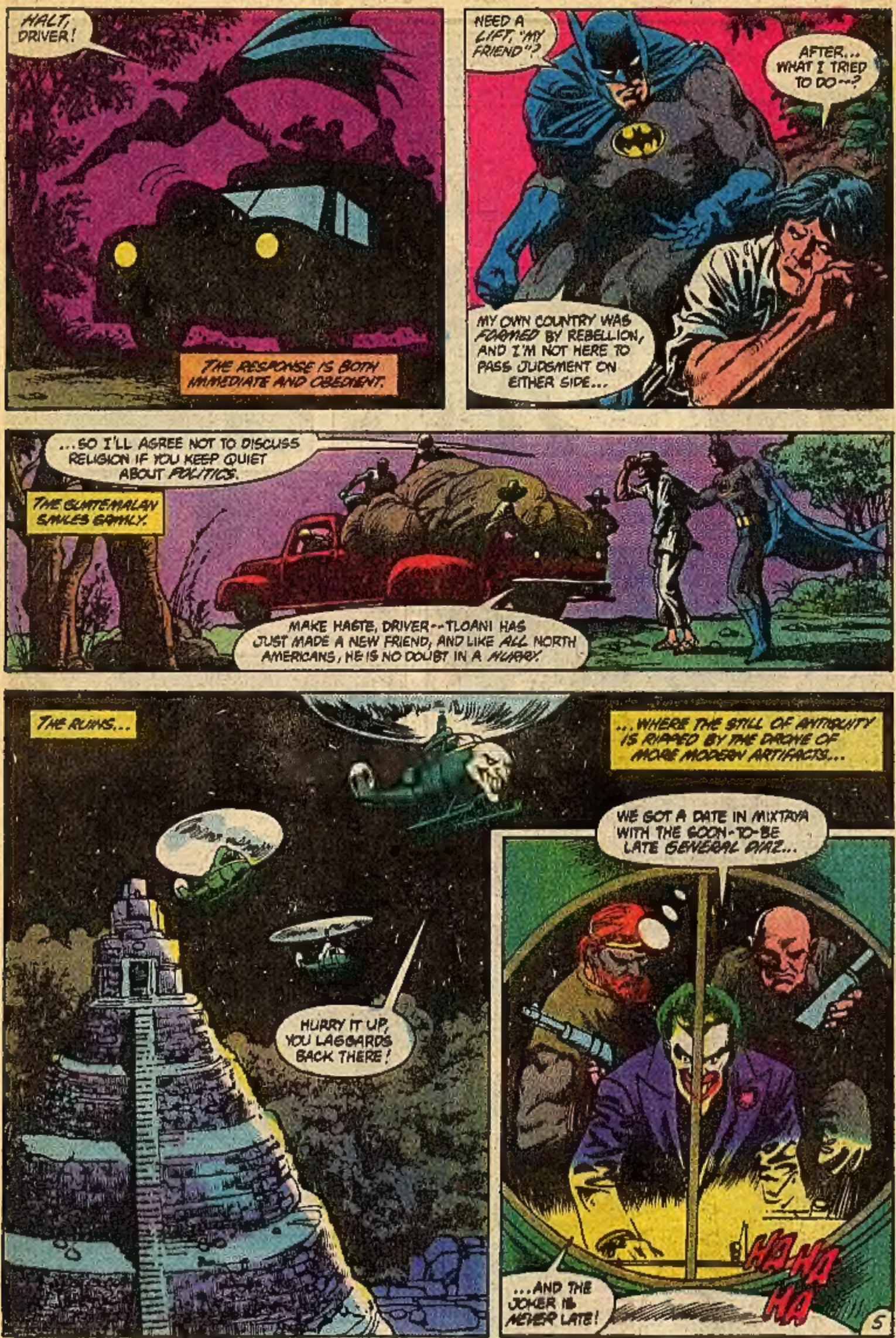
HALT, DRIVER!
THE RESPONSE IS BOTH IMMEDIATE AND OBEDIENT.
NEED A LIFT, "MY FRIEND"?
AFTER... WHAT I TRIED TO DO--?
MY OWN COUNTRY WAS FORMED BY REBELLION, AND I'M NOT HERE TO PASS JUDGMENT ON EITHER SIDE...
...SO I'LL AGREE NOT TO DISCUSS RELIGION IF YOU KEEP QUIET ABOUT POLITICS.
THE GUATEMALAN SMILES GOMLY.
MAKE HASTE, DRIVER--TLOANI HAS JUST MADE A NEW FRIEND, AND LIKE ALL NORTH AMERICANS, HE IS NO DOUBT IN A HURRY.
THE RUINS...
...WHERE THE STILL OF ANTIQUITY IS RIPPED BY THE DRONE OF MORE MODERN ARTIFACTS...
HURRY IT UP, YOU LAGGARDS BACK THERE!
WE GOT A DATE IN MIXTAYA WITH THE SOON-TO-BE LATE GENERAL DIAZ...
...AND THE JOKER IS NEVER LATE!
HA HA HA
5

TWO HOURS LATER, IT IS ALREADY MORNING IN GOTHAM...
...WHERE TWO PEOPLE, AS CLOSE AS BLOOD CAN BOND, ARE STILL UNCOMFORTABLE IN EACH OTHER'S MERE PRESENCE...
HOW EXACTLY DID YOU FIND OUT, JULIA?
WHEN MY ADOPTIVE FATHER JACQUES REMARQUE DIED--
--HIS ATTORNEY GAVE ME THIS LETTER...
(I AM SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AT A TIME SUCH AS THIS, JULIA, BUT MY SWORN INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO DELIVER THIS LETTER THE VERY MOMENT JACQUES WAS LAID TO REST...)
("MY DEAR JULIA, ALTHOUGH I HAVE RAISED YOU AS MY DAUGHTER, IT IS NOW TIME FOR YOU TO KNOW THAT YOUR REAL FATHER IS THE ENGLISHMAN ALFRED PENNYWORTH, CURRENTLY OF GOTHAM CITY IN THE UNITED STATES.)
("DO NOT BE HARD ON HIM. HIS MOTIVES FOR KEEPING THIS SECRET MAY HAVE BEEN MISGUIDED, BUT WERE ALSO AND ALWAYS NOBLE. WITH LOVE FOREVER, JACQUES")
THE LETTER, NOW TEAR-STAINED, IS SLOWLY LOWERED...
I'M AFRAID MY FRENCH IS A TRIFLE RUSTY, JULIA... BUT I CAN GLEAN THE GIST OF IT...
AND NOW YOU'VE COME HERE TO SEE IF MY MOTIVES REALLY WERE NOBLE?
THAT AND ONE OTHER REASON... FATHER.
WHICH IS...?
THE BREEZE STIFFENS.
PIGEONS COO.
6

AND RETREAT IN A FLURRY OF WINGS, AS SHE RISES...
AS OLD AS JACQUES WAS--
--I DO NOT BELIEVE HE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES.
AND ALFRED PENNYWORTH WATCHES AS HIS DAUGHTER'S VOICE IS LOST TO THE CRIES OF HAPPY CHILDREN...
DID SHE, HE WONDERS, EVER MAKE SUCH SOUNDS?
THE JUNGLE...
I ASSUME, TLOANI, THAT WE'RE PERCHED ON SOMETHING MORE THAN BALES OF MAIZE AND COTTON AND OLD FURNITURE.
OH? AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?
GUNS.
I THOUGHT WE HAD AGREED NOT TO DISCUSS POLITICS.
IF YOU PULL ANOTHER KNIFE, WE WON'T.
WHY THE PEASANT OUTFITS?
YOU MEAN, WHY DO WE NOT WEAR THE CHE GUEVARA FATIGUES SUPPLIED BY OUR CUBAN "FRIENDS"?
LET'S JUST SAY OUR CAUSE IS A SERIOUS ONE, AND WE DO NOT WISH TO BE WALKING BILLBOARDS FOR THE SOVIETS. BILLBOARDS DO NOT BLEED--BILLBOARDS DO NOT DIE.
WHY ARE YOU GOING TO MIXTAYA?
THE FATIGUES THEY MAY KEEP--BUT CUBAN AND RUSSIAN ARMS WE WILL ACCEPT...UNTIL YOUR WISE LEADERS IN WASHINGTON MAKE A BETTER OFFER.
THEN YOU'RE GOING TO PICK UP SMUGGLED ARMS IN MIXTAYA?
WOULD I TELL YOU IF WE WERE? BUT NO, MY FRIEND, THAT IS NOT OUR PURPOSE. SUCH A SHIPMENT WAS RECENTLY HIJACKED BY SO-CALLED "REBELS" WHO WERE WALKING BILLBOARDS.
WE GO TO MIXTAYA TO HEAR THE "GREAT" GENERAL DIAZ SPEAK--
7

--AND TO SEE IF HIS MEN HAVE REMEMBERED TO CHANGE OUT OF THEIR CHE GUEVARA FATIGUES.
AND PERHAPS TO SEE HOW MANY MEN THERE ARE?
I THINK OUR DISCUSSION HAS REACHED ITS END, MY FRIEND.
IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE SOME REAL FRIENDS AT THE REAR OF THE TRUCK...
ONE THING BEFORE YOU GO, TLOANI--IT WAS NEITHER REBELS NOR THE MILITIA WHO HIJACKED THOSE WEAPONS.
IT WAS A GROUP OF CRIMINALS FROM MY COUNTRY--HOPING TO AGITATE TROUBLE BETWEEN YOU.
TLOANI STIFFENS FOR A MOMENT...
...AND WHEN HE HAS MOVED AWAY...
YOU'VE GIVEN HIM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT, BATMAN.
FOR THE MOMENT, MS. VALE.
BUT IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, NEITHER SIDE EVER THINKS ENOUGH.
YOU'RE A COMPLEX MAN. I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR COMING TO MY RESCUE--UNLIKE SOMEONE ELSE I COULD NAME.
MEANING BRUCE WAYNE?
AH, YOU'VE READ ABOUT US IN THE SOCIETY COLUMNS.
BUT YOU'VE MISSED THE LATEST SCOOP--THE AFFAIR IS OVER, KAPUT, FINISHED, AND DONE WITH.
END OF STORY.
I WOULDN'T BE TOO HARD ON WAYNE, MS. VALE. HE REALLY DOES CARE ABOUT YOU...
INDEED, IN A WAY, HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ME BEING HERE...
EH--?
CHOPPERS--GOING THE SAME WAY WE ARE!
THE JOKER'S PHONY REBELS, NO DOUBT.
8

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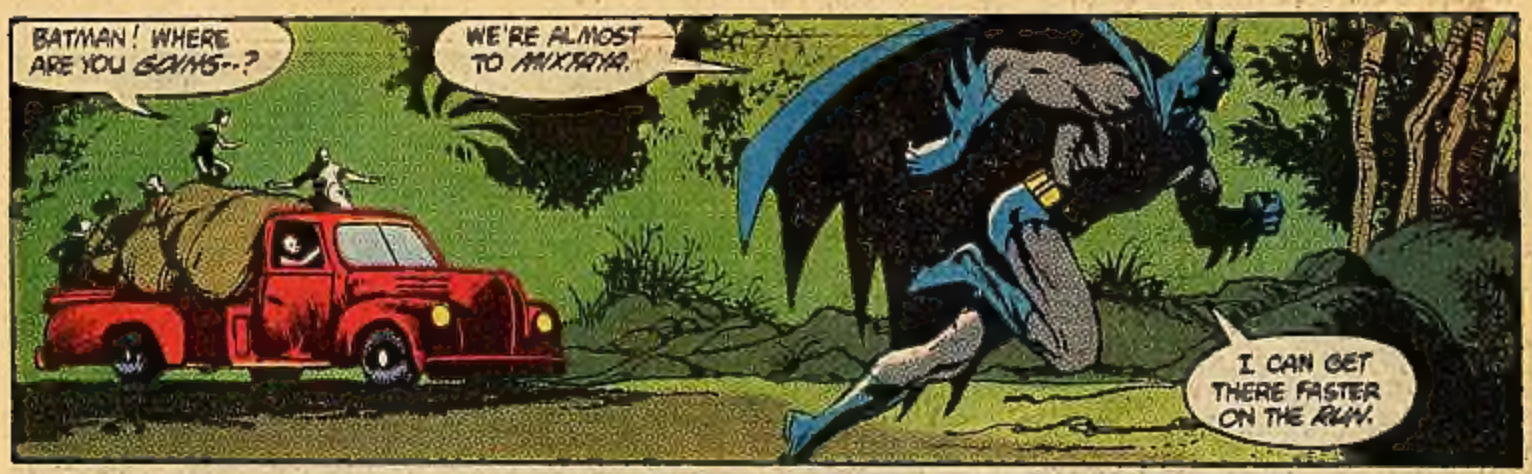
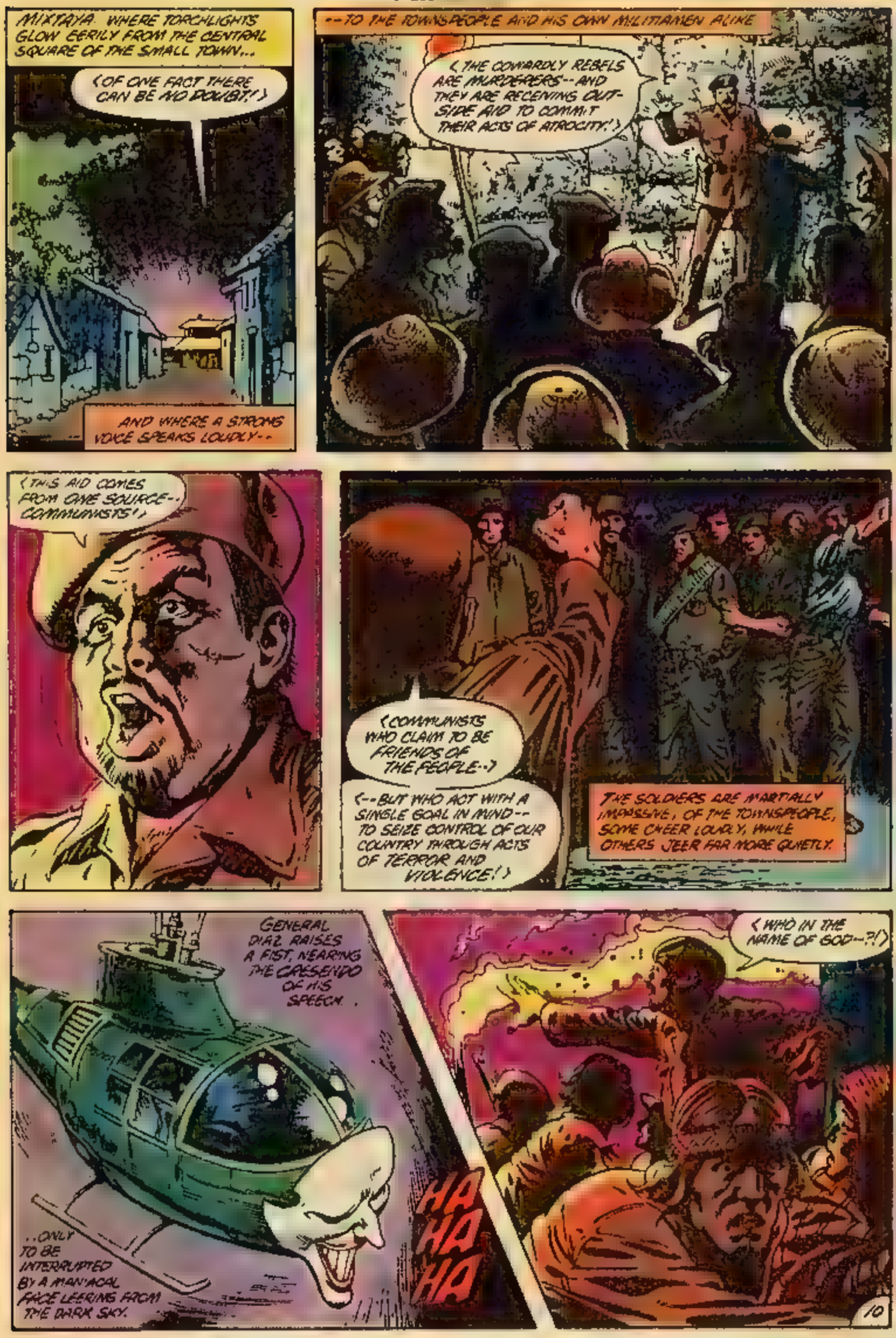

BATMAN! WHERE ARE YOU GOING--?
WE'RE ALMOST TO AMIXTAYA.
I CAN GET THERE FASTER ON THE RUN.

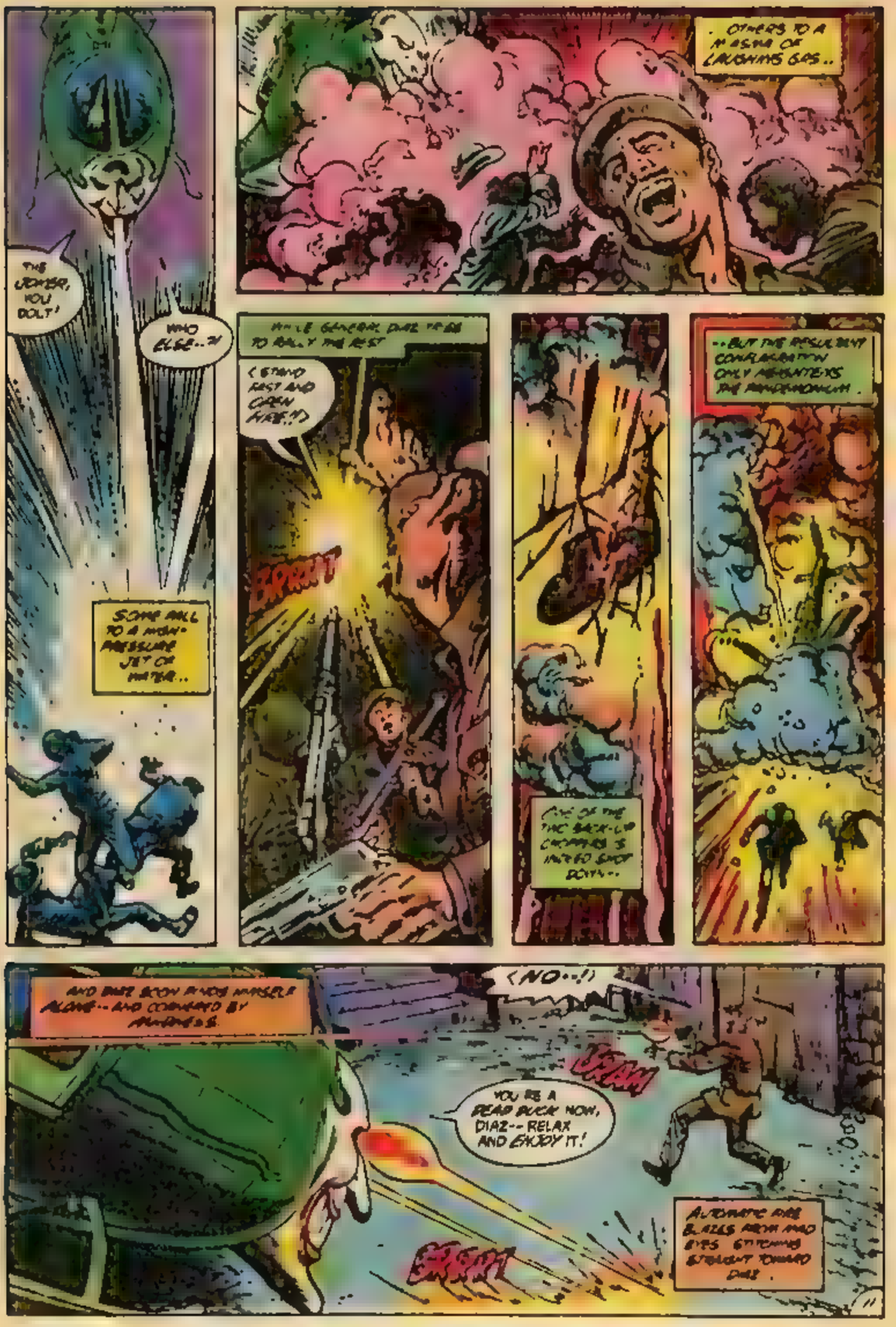
GOTHAM HOSPITAL: POLICE COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON HAS BEEN IN THE DEEP SLEEP OF COMA FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS.
HIS DAUGHTER BARBARA HAS BEEN AWAKE FOR THE SAME LENGTH OF TIME...
...WHILE, ACROSS TOWN, AT CITY HALL...
--PERFECT TIME TO GET RID OF GORDON AND MAKE YOU MY STOOGE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BULLOCK...

WHAT?!
BUT THE GUY'S IN A COMA, MAYOR--HE'S NEARLY DEAD!
WHICH IS PRECISELY WHY THIS IS THE PERFECT TIME TO MAKE OUR MOVE. IF WE--

PARTY POLITICS IS ONE THING, HILL...

...BUT WEASELS LIKE YOU MAKE ME SICK!
SLAMM
QUESTION:
WHAT THE--?
ANSWER: THE WORM... IS TURNING.
9


MIXTAYA. WHERE TORCHLIGHTS GLOW EERILY FROM THE CENTRAL SQUARE OF THE SMALL TOWN...
(OF ONE FACT THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!)
AND WHERE A STRONG VOICE SPEAKS LOUDLY--
--TO THE TOWNSPEOPLE AND HIS OWN MILITIAMEN ALIKE
(THE COWARDLY REBELS ARE MURDERERS--AND THEY ARE RECEIVING OUTSIDE AID TO COMMIT THEIR ACTS OF ATROCITY!)
(THIS AID COMES FROM ONE SOURCE--COMMUNISTS!)
(COMMUNISTS WHO CLAIM TO BE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE--)
(--BUT WHO ACT WITH A SINGLE GOAL IN MIND--TO SEIZE CONTROL OF OUR COUNTRY THROUGH ACTS OF TERROR AND VIOLENCE!)
THE SOLDIERS ARE MARTIALLY IMPASSIVE, OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE, SOME CHEER LOUDLY, WHILE OTHERS JEER FAR MORE QUIETLY.
GENERAL DIAZ RAISES A FIST, NEARING THE CRESCENDO OF HIS SPEECH.
..ONLY TO BE INTERRUPTED BY A MANIACAL FACE LEERING FROM THE DARK SKY.
HA HA HA
(WHO IN THE NAME OF GOD--?!)
10


THE LEMMER, YOU DOLT!
WHO ELSE..?!
SOME KILL TO A HIGH-PRESSURE JET OF WATER..
..OTHERS TO A MASSIVE OF LAUGHING GAS..
WHILE GENERAL DIAZ PLANS TO KILL THE REST
I STAND FAST AND OPEN FIRE!!
BRRRT
ONE OF THE TWO BACK-UP CHOPPERS IS HAVE TO SHOT DOWN..
..BUT THE RESULTANT CONFLAGRATION ONLY AGGRAVATES THE SITUATION.
AND THEN SOON FINDS HIMSELF ALONE--AND COMFORTED BY MEMORIES.
<NO..!>
BRRRT
YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK NOW, DIAZ--RELAX AND ENJOY IT!
AUTOMATIC FIRE BLAZES FROM TWO EYES STREAMING STRAIGHT TOWARD DIAZ.
BRRRT
11

AND THEN, AS IF SPRINGSHOT FROM THE DARKNESS--
CHEEOWW
-- THE BATMAN IS JUST A HAIR FASTER.
THE TRUCK FISHTAILS INTO THE SQUARE MERE MOMENTS LATER-- TLOANI AND HIS FELLOW "PEASANTS" DIGGING CONCEALED WEAPONS FROM THE DEPTHS OF ITS CAMOUFLAGED CARGO.
VICKY VALE WALKS INTO THE THICK OF THE ACTION, SNAPPING SOME OF THE BEST PHOTOS OF HER CAREER...
...WHILE THE JOKER SEES THE TWISTED SKEIN OF HIS PLAN SWIFTLY UNRAVELING.
RETREAT! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM!
HEAD BACK FOR THE JOKER-CAVE UNDER THE RUINS!
YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW, DIAZ-- BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW ONE THING...
TLOANI AND HIS REBELS WERE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ATTACK.
AND BEFORE THE ASTONISHED GENERAL CAN EVEN SPEAK--
--THE BATMAN IS GONE--
--SPRINTING AFTER THE JOKER'S RETREATING CHOPPER.
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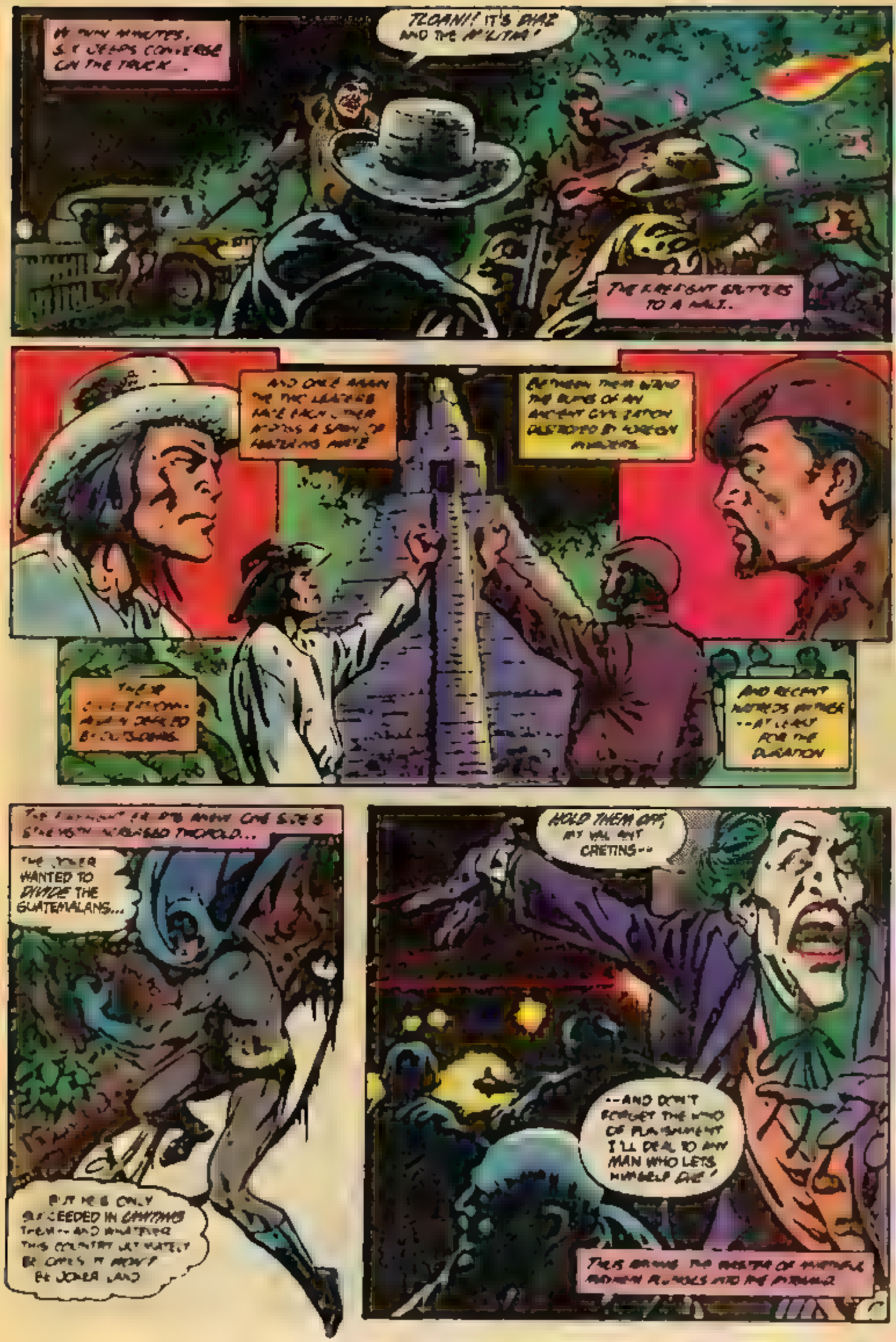
I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE CAUGHT THE LANDING STRUT WITH A BATARANG...
AND THEN IT IS OVER, LEAVING A VACUUM OF STUNNED SILENCE...
...HALTING ONLY WHEN A WEEPING WOMAN STUMBLES BETWEEN THEM...
(IT LEAVES ME TO BE ONE OF US IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TRAGEDY, GENERAL...)
(AND SO I GO NOW...)
(...BUT NO DOUBT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOON)
(WE GO IN THE SAME DIRECTION-- BUT WE ARE NOT THE ONES WHO DO THIS)
3

HA HA HA
A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS!
TREMENDOUS!
BUT BOSS, WE FAILED-- WE BLEW IT!
SO WHAT, IDIOT? IT WAS FUN, WASN'T IT?
NOW LEAN OUT AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CHOPPER-- IT'S LISTING TO THE SIDE.
:ULP:
B-B-BOSS! IT'S THE B-B-BATMAN!
WHAT?! FUN IS FUN, YOU BUFFOON, BUT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH-- BLAST HIM OUT OF THE SKY!
HUH--?
WHERE'D HE GO?!
PHOOK!
AGH--! :KOFF: :KOFF:

C-CAN'T EVEN SEE THE CONTROLS AND WE'RE FLYING
WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE
SHRABAM
SWOOSH
YOW!!CH!!
BACK TO THE RUINS ON THE DOUBLE!
HE'S OUT THERE
SHADOWS--COMIN' AFTER US.

JUST LET ME FIRE THIS FLAME--
FOOF
--AND WE'LL HAVE A HOLE IN OUR PERIMETER WIRE THE SIZE OF A BARN DOOR!
THAT'S THE JUNGLE'S SIGNAL - BALAM OUT THE GUNS!
BACK TO SQUARE ONE - I COULDN'T MAKE A MOVE IN THE JUNGLE AGAINST ONE MACHINE GUN.
AND I CERTAINLY CAN'T PUT A HOLE OUT THE SIZE OF A BARN DOOR WITH TWO DOZEN WEAPONS IN MY FACE. WHICH MEANS--
EH--? THAT SOUNDS LIKE A TRUCK COMING.
IT IS!
MOST OF ITS CANVAS HAS BEEN SHOT TO SHIT AND FLAPS OPEN.
AND THE REST OF IT CUTS THE NIGHT WITH SHARP LINES OF FIRE.
TAKE COVER, BOYS-- BUT NEVER FORGET THE MCMAHON-ONE PHILOSOPHY.
--PROTECT YOUR LEADER!


IN TWO MINUTES, 5 OF JEEPS CONVERGE ON THE TRUCK...
FLOAN!! IT'S DIAZ AND THE M'LITIA!
THE FIGHT SETTLES TO A HALT.
AND ONCE AGAIN THE TWO LEADERS HAVE FACE TO FACE ACROSS A SEAS OF HATRED AND FEAR
BETWEEN THEM STAND THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION DESTROYED BY FOREIGN INVADERS.
AND RECENT HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF --AT LEAST FOR THE DURATION
THE YANKEE WANTED TO DIVIDE THE GUATEMALANS...
BUT HE'S ONLY SUCCEEDED IN UNITING THEM -- AND WHETHER THIS COUNTRY GET WATERLOO OR COMES IT AROUND BE JONES AND
HOLD THEM OFF, MY VAL ANT CRETINS--
--AND DON'T FORGET THE WHO OF PUNISHMENT I'LL DEAL TO ANY MAN WHO LETS HIMSELF DIE!
THUS BRINGS THE RESULTS OF HISTORICAL MODERN RUMORS INTO THE PRESENT

AND THE AVENGER OF THE NIGHT SWOOPS INTO THE CLEARING, DARTING FROM COVER TO CRUMBLING COVER--
--USING THE PITCHED BATTLE AS A DISTRACTION TO REACH THE PYRAMID..
CAN'T LET THE JOKER GET AWAY THROUGH SOME SUBTERRANEAN ESCAPE HATCH..
THE FEARS, HOWEVER, PROVE UNGROUNDED
LIKE SOME MAD JACK SPRINGING FROM THE BOX OF THE PYRAMID'S SUMMIT, HE LOOMS SUDDENLY ON HIGH, HIS CACKLES NOW CHILLINGLY DEMENTED AS HE ORCHESTRATES THE MAYHEM SPRAWLED BELOW...
CHAOS, CHAOS-- RAH RAH, RAH!
HA HA HA HA
CUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS! BLAST! SHOOT! KILL! ANNIHIL--
EH--? THE BATMAN!
THE FIGHT'S WINDING DOWN NOW-- WITH THE COMBINED REBELS AND SOLDIERS MAKING QUICK WORK OF JOKER'S GUNSELS..
. BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME THE BEST BATTLE IS STILL TO COME..
OH, NO--! THE JOKER'S GOT A MACHINE-GUN UP THERE!
AND THE BATMAN IS UNARMED!
18

YOU'VE FINALLY DONE IT, BATS-- YOU'VE FOILED ME ONCE TOO OFTEN!
YOU'VE DRIVEN ME WILD, BATS- COMPLETELY WILD!!
EVEN HE MAY NOT REALIZE IT, BUT HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
HE'S SO CONSUMED BY HIS OWN MANIA THAT HE'S FINALLY WILLING TO MURDER
AND MY ONLY CHANCE T A BATARANG AGAINST HIS
BUT HE WILL NEVER KNOW IF

GET UP, JOKER— IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE A FALL.
THIS IS NOT FUNNY, YOU SNIVELLING WHELP!
SO WHO'S LAUGHING, MADMAN?
I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL THROTTLE YOU WITH MY GLOVED HANDS!
BUT THE JOKER NEVER EVEN TOUCHES HIM...
THE BOY WONDER'S ABILITY IS RAINLESS.
HERE, BATMAN!
THE RESULTANT TEAMWORK IS SUPERB.
THRAKK
THE BATMAN'S PUNCH IS A STONE-COLD KNOCKOUT.
AND THE CLOWN PRINCE OF CRIME... CRUMPLES.
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CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

THEY FACE EACH OTHER OVER THE BIZARRE, SPRAWLED BODY.
NEITHER ONE SAYS A WORD.
BELOW, THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE DWINDLE TO SILENCE.
THEN--
UH... HI THERE.
21

EPILOGUE:
(THE PRISONERS ARE YOURS, GENERAL DIAZ.)
(AFTER ALL, AS WE BOTH WELL KNOW, YOU HAVE THE PRISONS.)
(A PITY OUR ALLIANCE MUST NOW END -- WE FOUGHT WELL TOGETHER.)
(YES -- YOU WOULD MAKE A FINE SOLDIER, TLOANY.)

(AND YOU, GENERAL, YOU WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT REBEL -- FROM THE NECK DOWN, ANYWAY.)
(WELL... AS YOU SAY, A PITY.)
(FAREWELL, TLOAN! --)

(-- UNTIL NEXT WE MEET.)
I DON'T BELIEVE THE SHOTS I'VE GOTTEN!
THIS IS HISTORIC -- UNPRECEDENTED -- TWO SWORN ENEMIES SALUTING EACH OTHER IN RESPECT!

THE BATMAN, FOR ONE, IS UNAMUSED.
IT'S ME, BATMAN -- JASON.
I FOUND THIS SPARE COSTUME IN ROBIN'S CLOSET. THEN I DIED MY HAIR BLACK, AND --

WELL, I... UH... I KINDA FOUND ENOUGH CASH IN YOUR DRAWER TO BUY A TICKET TO SAN MATEO.
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU, SEE?
AND I WANTED TO PROVE THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME -- IN ANY SITUATION...

ANYWAY, THE REST I DEDUCED FROM MAPS AND WHAT YOU MENTIONED BEFORE LEAVING--LIKE THE LOCATION OF THESE RUINS AND THE FACT THAT--
THAT'S ENOUGH, JASON. I--
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, HEROES!
THE PERFECT ENDING TO THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR--THE REUNION OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!
NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND WAITING FOR ME, I'D JUST LIKE TO APPLY THE ICING--
--BY GETTING SOME SHOTS OF THE JOKER-CAVE UNDER THIS PYRAMID.
AND WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER IS OUT OF EARSHOT...
NOW BEFORE YOU GET TOO MAD, BATMAN, JUST REMEMBER I WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL VICKI VALE...
YES...AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, ME AS WELL.
YOU WERE IMPRESSIVE, JASON--I CAN'T DENY THAT.
BUT AT THE VERY FIRST OPPORTUNITY, YOU WILL REMOVE THAT COSTUME.
YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO WEAR IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.
BECOMING MY NEW PARTNER IS ONE THING...
...STEALING SOMEONE ELSE'S VERY IDENTITY IS ANOTHER--
--AND ONE I WON'T ALLOW.
NO, THE BATMAN IS NOT ANGERED AT ALL...
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DETECTIVE: THE LIFE AND VERY POSSIBLE DEATH OF COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON. AND IN THE NEXT BATMAN: POISON IVY!
23